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STEWART & HUTCHISON.

VILLAFIELD, GLASGOW, 1833.






## PICA, No. 1.

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ON the origin of letters among the Greeks, the genius of poets and orators, as might naturally be expected, was distinguished by an amiable simplicity, which, whatever rudeness may sometimes attend it, is so fitted to express the genuine movements of nature and passion, that the compositions possessed of it must ever appear valuable to the discerning part of mankind. The glaring figures of discourse, the pointed antithesis, the unnatural conceit, the jingle of words; such false ornaments were not employed by early writers; not because they were rejected, but because they scarcely ever occurred to them. An easy unforced strain of sentiment runs through their compositions; though at the same time we may observe, that amidst the most elegant simplicity of thought and expression, one is sometimes surprised to meet with a poor conceit, which had presented itself unsought for, and which the author had not acquired critical observation enough to condemn. A bad taste seizes with avidity these frivolous beauties, and even perhaps a good taste, ere surfeited by them: They multiply every day more and more in the fashionable compositions: Nature and good sense are neglect-

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## PICA, No. 1.

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GLASGOW is a great, commercial, and manufacturing City, the largest and by far the most populous in Scotland, situated in the Lower Ward of the county of Lanark, near the north-western extremity of that extensive shire, in  $55^{\circ} 52' 10''$  north latitude, and  $4^{\circ} 15' 51''$  west longitude, at the distance of forty-three miles from Edinburgh, by the nearest road, twenty-two east from Greenock, thirty-four north from Ayr, twenty-seven south-west from Stirling, ninety-four and one-fourth from Carlisle, and four hundred and six from London. It occupies an exceedingly advantageous and agreeable site on the banks of the Clyde, just where it begins to be susceptible of navigation. The ground here consists of a level tract of land of several miles in length by a breadth of seldom more than half a mile, and in general of about only half that space. On its northern boundary the surface rises into uplands, and at the place where the town is situated it swells into a ridgy eminence. The ancient cathedral occupies a commanding site on the brow of this rising ground, and has been the site from whence the streets and houses have extended southwards to the river. The houses in this quarter are generally of a more ancient appearance than in any other part of the town, having a darker hue and the aspect of a respectable old age.

The street leading down to the base of the eminence is called the High Street, a character which it has lost by the erection of a street proceeding westward from its foot called the Trongate. This latter spacious thoroughfare is lined with houses of considerable altitude, and of so very handsome and picturesque an appearance, that, as a whole, the street is generally asserted to have no equal, either upon the British Isles or upon the Continent. Eastward from the foot of the High Street is a continuation of the Trongate, called the Gallowgate, which is also a bustling thoroughfare, but meaner in appearance, and somewhat tortuous. It is the chief access







## SMALL PICA, No. 2.

Quosque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil concursus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum vultusque, moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora! o mores! Senatus hæc intelligit: consul videt: hic tamen vivit! Vivit? immo vero, etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii par-

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### *Italic.*

*Quosque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore nocte egeris, ubi fueris. quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, o mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul videt: hic tamen vivit. Vivit! immo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat*

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## SMALL PICA, No. 2.

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*A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z Æ.*







## LONG PRIMER, No. 1.

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On the origin of letters among the Greeks, the genius of poets and orators, as might naturally be expected, was distinguished by an amiable simplicity, which, whatever rudeness may sometimes attend it, is so fitted to express the genuine movements of nature and passion, that the compositions possessed of it must ever appear valuable to the discerning part of mankind. The glaring figures of discourse, the pointed antithesis, the unnatural conceit, the jingle of words; such false ornaments were not employed by early writers; not because they were rejected, but because they scarcely ever occurred to them. An easy unforced strain of sentiment runs through their compositions; though at the same time we may observe, that amidst the most elegant simplicity of thought and expression, one is sometimes surprised to meet with a poor conceit, which had presented itself unsought for, and which the author had not acquired critical observation enough to condemn. A bad taste seizes with avidity these frivolous beauties, and even perhaps a good taste, ere surfeited by them: They multiply every day more and more in the fashionable compositions: Nature and good sense are neglected: Labour'd ornaments studied and admired: And a total degeneracy of style and language prepares the way for barbarism and ignorance. Hence the Asiatic manner was found to depart so much from the simple purity of Athens: Hence that tinsel eloquence which is observable in many of the Roman writers, from which Cicero himself is not wholly exempted, and which so much prevails in Ovid, Seneca, Lucan, Martial, and the Plinys.

On the revival of letters, when the judgment of the public is yet raw and uninformed, this false glister catches the eye, and leaves no room, either in eloquence or poetry, for the durable

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*A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y*





## LONG PRIMER, No. 2.

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MILTON'S most celebrated prose work is his '*Areopagitica, or a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing,*' a noble work indeed, a precious manual of freedom, an arsenal of immortal weapons for the defence of man's highest prerogative, intellectual liberty. His '*Reformation in England*' and '*Reason of Church Government,*' are the most important theological treatises published during his life. They were his earliest prose compositions, and thrown off with much haste, and on these accounts are more chargeable with defects of style than any other of his writings. But these, with all their defects, abound in strong and elevated thought, and in power and felicity of expression. Their great blemish is an inequality of style, often springing from the conflict and opposition of the impulses under which he wrote. It is not uncommon to find in the same sentence his affluent genius pouring forth magnificent images and expressions, and suddenly his deep scorn for his opponents, suggesting and throwing into the midst of this splendor, sarcasms and degrading comparisons altogether at variance with the general strain. From this cause, and from negligence, many powerful passages in his prose writings are marred by an incongruous mixture of unworthy allusions and phrases. In the close of his first work, that on '*Reformation in England,*' he breaks out into an invocation and prayer to the Supreme Being, from which we extract a passage containing a remarkable intimation of his having meditated some great political enterprise from his earliest years, and giving full promise of that grandeur of thought and language, which characterizes '*Paradise Lost.*' Having 'lifted up his hands to that eternal and propitious Throne, where nothing is readier

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## BOURGEOIS, No. 1.

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On the origin of letters among the Greeks, the genius of poets and orators, as might naturally be expected, was distinguished by an amiable simplicity, which, whatever rudeness may sometimes attend it, is so fitted to express the genuine movements of nature and passion, that the compositions possessed of it must ever appear valuable to the discerning part of mankind. The glaring figures of discourse, the pointed antithesis, the unnatural conceit, the jingle of words; such false ornaments were not employed by early writers; not because they were rejected, but because they scarcely ever occurred to them. An easy unforced strain of sentiment runs through their compositions; though at the same time we may observe, that amidst the most elegant simplicity of thought and expression, one is sometimes surprised to meet with a poor conceit, which had presented itself unsought for, and which the author had not acquired critical observation enough to condemn. A bad taste seizes with avidity these frivolous beauties, and even perhaps a good taste, ere surfeited by them: They multiply every day more and more in the fashionable compositions: Nature and good sense are neglected: Laboured ornaments studied and admired: And a total degeneracy of style and language prepares the way for barbarism and ignorance. Hence the Asiatic manner was found to depart so much from the simple purity of Athens: Hence that tinsel eloquence which is observable in many of the Roman writers, from which Cicero himself is not wholly exempted, and which so much prevails in Ovid, Seneca, Lucan, Martial, and the Plinys.

On the revival of letters, when the judgment of the public is yet raw and uninformed, this false glister catches the eye, and leaves no room, either in eloquence or poetry, for the durable beauties of solid sense and lively passion. The reigning genius is then diametrically opposite to that which prevails on the first origin of arts. The Italian writers, it is evident, even the most celebrated, have not reached

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# BREVIEW, No. 1.

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## BREVIER, No. 1.

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If the written records of the ENGLISH nation, as asserted, represent parliaments to have arisen from the consent of monarchs, the principles of human nature, when we trace government a step higher, must show us that monarchs themselves owe all their authority to the voluntary submission of the people. But in fact, no age can be shown, when the English government was altogether an unmixed monarchy: And, if the privileges of the nation have at any period, been overpowered by violent irruptions of foreign force or domestic usurpation; the generous spirit of the people has ever seized the first opportunity of re-establishing the ancient government and constitution. Though in the style of the laws, and in the usual forms of administration, royal authority may be represented as sacred and supreme; whatever is essential to the exercise of sovereign and legislative power must still be regarded as equally divine and inviolable. Or, if any distinction be made in this respect, the preference is surely due to those national councils, by whose interposition the exorbitancies of tyrannical power are restrained, and that sacred liberty is preserved, which heroic spirits, in all ages, have deemed more precious than life itself.

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Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,  
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;  
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light!  
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,  
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.  
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,  
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;  
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,  
Though there his altars are no more divine.  
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss  
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!  
Their azure arches through the long expanse  
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,  
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,  
Mark his gay course—and own the hues of heaven;  
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,  
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.





## BREVIER, No. 2.

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## BREVEIR, No. 2.

Quosque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihil, ne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi—nihil concursus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque, moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora! o mores! Senatus hæc intelligit: consul videt: hic tamen vivit! Vivit? immo vero, etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes, satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci, jusu consulis, jampridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio, pontifex maximus, Tiber, Gracchum, mediocriter labefactatam statum reipublicæ, privatus interficit: Catilinam vero orbem terræ cæde atque icendiis vastare cupientem, nos consules perferemus?

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The favoured clime, the soft domestic air,  
And wealth and ease, were all below their care;  
Since there an hated tyrant met their eyes,  
And blasted every blessing of the skies.  
For not the winding stream, or painted vale,  
The sweets of summer, or the vernal gale,  
Were formed to fetter down the noble soul  
Beneath the magic of their soft control.  
Wherever Nature bids her treasures rise,  
Or circling planets rush along the skies,  
Or ocean rolls his ever-ebbing wave,  
Has fate ordained a refuge for the BRAVE,  
Who claim from Heaven, and Heaven allows the claim,  
To live with Freedom, or to die with Fame;  
And find, alike contented with their doom,  
In every clime a country or a tomb.





## MINION, No. 1.

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# MINION. No. 1.



Quosque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil concursus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque, moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte, egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora! o mores! Senatus hæc intelligit: consul videt: hic tamen vivit! Vivit? immo vero, etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad eadem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes, satisfacere republicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitamus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci, jussu consulis, jampridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio, pontifex maximus, Tiber, Gracchum, mediocriter labefactantem statum reipublicæ, privatus interficit: Catilinam vero, orbem terræ cæde atque incendiis vastare cupientem, nos consules perferemus? nam illa nimis

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When from the bosom of the mine,  
The magnet first to light was thrown,  
Fair Commerce hailed the gift divine,  
And smiling claimed it as her own.  
“My bark,” she said, “this gem shall guide  
Through paths of ocean yet untried,  
While as my daring sons explore  
Each rude, inhospitable shore,  
Mid desert sands and ruthless skies,  
New seats of industry shall rise,  
And culture wide extend his genial reign,  
Free as the ambient gale, and boundless as the main.”





## MINION, No. 2.

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ON the origin of letters among the Greeks, the genius of poets and orators, as might naturally be expected, was distinguished by an amiable simplicity, which, whatever rudeness may sometimes attend it, is so fitted to express the genuine movements of nature and passion, that the compositions possessed of it must ever appear valuable to the discerning part of mankind. The glaring figures of discourse, the pointed antithesis, the unnatural conceit, the jingle of words; such false ornaments were not employed by early writers; not because they were rejected, but because they scarcely ever occurred to them. An easy unforced strain of sentiment runs through their compositions; though at the same time we may observe, that amidst the most elegant simplicity of thought and expression, one is sometimes surprised to meet with a poor conceit, which had presented itself unsought for, and which the author had not acquired critical observation enough to condemn. A bad taste seizes with avidity these frivolous beauties, and even perhaps a good taste, ere surfeited by them: They multiply every day more and more in the fashionable compositions: Nature and good sense are neglected: Laboured ornaments studied and admired: And a total degeneracy of style and language prepares the way for barbarism and ignorance. Hence the Asiatic manner was found to depart so much from the simple purity of Athens: Hence that tinsel eloquence which is observable in many of the Roman writers, from which Cicero himself is not wholly exempted, and which so much prevails in Ovid, Seneca, Lucan, Martial, and the Plinys.

On the revival of letters, when the judgment of the public is yet raw and uninformed, this false glister catches the eye, and leaves no room, either in eloquence or poetry, for the durable beauties of solid sense and lively passion. The reigning genius is then diametrically opposite to that which prevails on the first origin of arts. The Italian writers, it is evident, even the most cele-

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## MINION, No. 2.

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Quosque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil concursus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque, moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora! o mores! Senatus hæc intelligit: consul videt: hic tamen vivit! Vivit? immo vero, etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes, satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci, jussu consulis, jampridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio, pontifex maximus, Tiber, Gracchum, mediocriter labefactantem statum reipublicæ, privatus interficit: Catilinam vero, orbem teræ cæde atque incendiis vastare cupientem, nos consules perferemus?

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The favoured clime, the soft domestic air,  
And wealth and ease, were all below their care;  
Since there an hated tyrant met their eyes,  
And blasted every blessing of the skies.  
For not the winding stream, or painted vale,  
The sweets of summer, or the vernal gale,  
Were formed to fetter down the noble soul  
Beneath the magic of their soft controul.  
Wherever Nature bids her treasures rise,  
Or circling planets rush along the skies,  
Or ocean rolls his ever-ebbing wave,  
Has fate ordained a refuge for the BRAVE,  
Who claim from Heaven, and Heaven allows the claim,  
To live with Freedom, or to die with Fame;  
And find, alike contented with their doom,  
In every clime a country or a tomb.






## NONPAREIL ON MINION BODY.

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Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil concursus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque, moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora! o mores! Senatus hæc intelligit: consul videt: hic tamen vivit! Vivit? immo vero, etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes, satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci, jussu consulis, jampridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio, pontifex maximus, Tiber, Gracchum, mediocriter labefactantem statum reipublicæ, privatus interfecit: Catilinam vero, orbem terræ cæde atque incendiis vastare cupientem, nos consules perferemus? nam illa nimis antiqua prætereo, quod C. Servilius Ahala Sp. Melum, novis rebus studentem, manu sua occidit. Fuit, fuit ista quondam in hac republica virtus, ut viri fortes acrioribus suppliciis civem perniciosum, quam acerbissimum hostem, coercerent. Habemus senatus consultum in te, Catilina, vehemens et grave: non deest reipublicæ consilium, neque auctoritas hujus ordinis: nos, nos, dico aperte, consules desumus. Decrevit quondam senatus, ut L. Opimius consul videret, ne quid respublica detrimenti caperet. Nox nulla intercessit: interfectus est, propter quasdam seditionum suspiciones, C. Gracchus, clarissimo patre, avo,

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For not the winding stream, or painted vale,  
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Were form'd to fetter down the noble soul  
Beneath the magic of their soft controul.  
Wherever nature bids her treasures rise,  
Or circling planets rush along the skies,  
Or ocean rolls his ever-ebbing wave,  
Has fate ordain'd a refuge for the brave,  
Who claim from Heaven and Heaven allows the claim  
To live with freedom or to die with fame ;  
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NONPAREIL No. 1.

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A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

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To live with freedom or to die with fame ;  
And find, alike contented with their doom,  
In every clime a country or a tomb.*





**I**N the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

2 And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

3 And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

4 And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

5 And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

6 ¶ And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.

7 And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so.

8 And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

9 ¶ And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so.

10 And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas; and God saw that it was good.

11 And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.

12 And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

13 And the evening and the morning were the third day.

14 ¶ And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night: and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years:

15 And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so.

16 And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also.

17 And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth.

18 And to rule over the day, and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good.

19 And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

20 ¶ And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

21 And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind, and God saw that it was good.

22 And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.

23 And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

24 ¶ And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so.

25 And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

26 ¶ And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

27 So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him: male and female created he them.

28 And God blessed them; and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

29 And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

30 And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth.





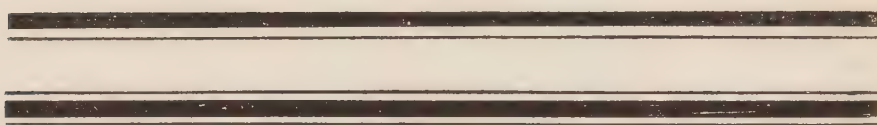
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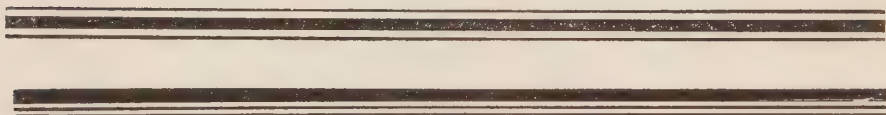
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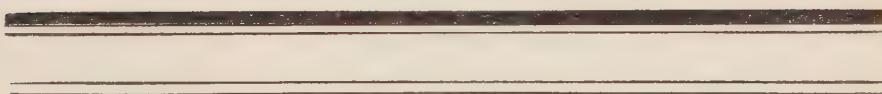
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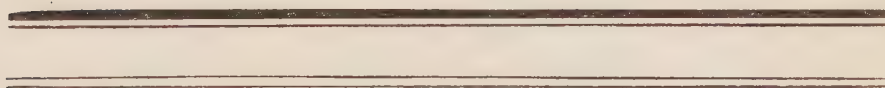
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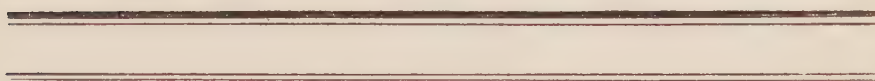
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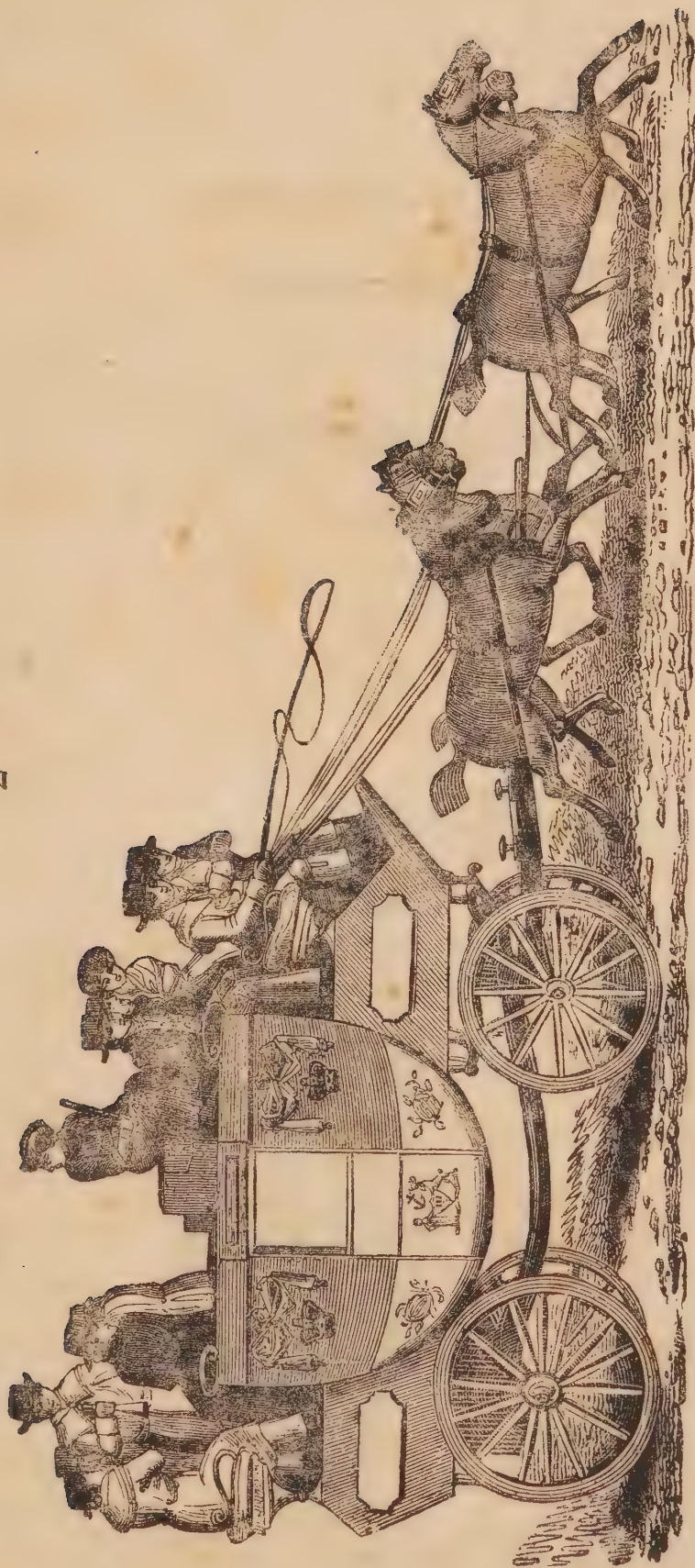


N. B. The above Rules are all made 16 inches long.

 All kind of single and double Brass Rules, for Newspapers, Bibles, Table-work, &c.—Also Tin Rules, at 2s. per sheet.



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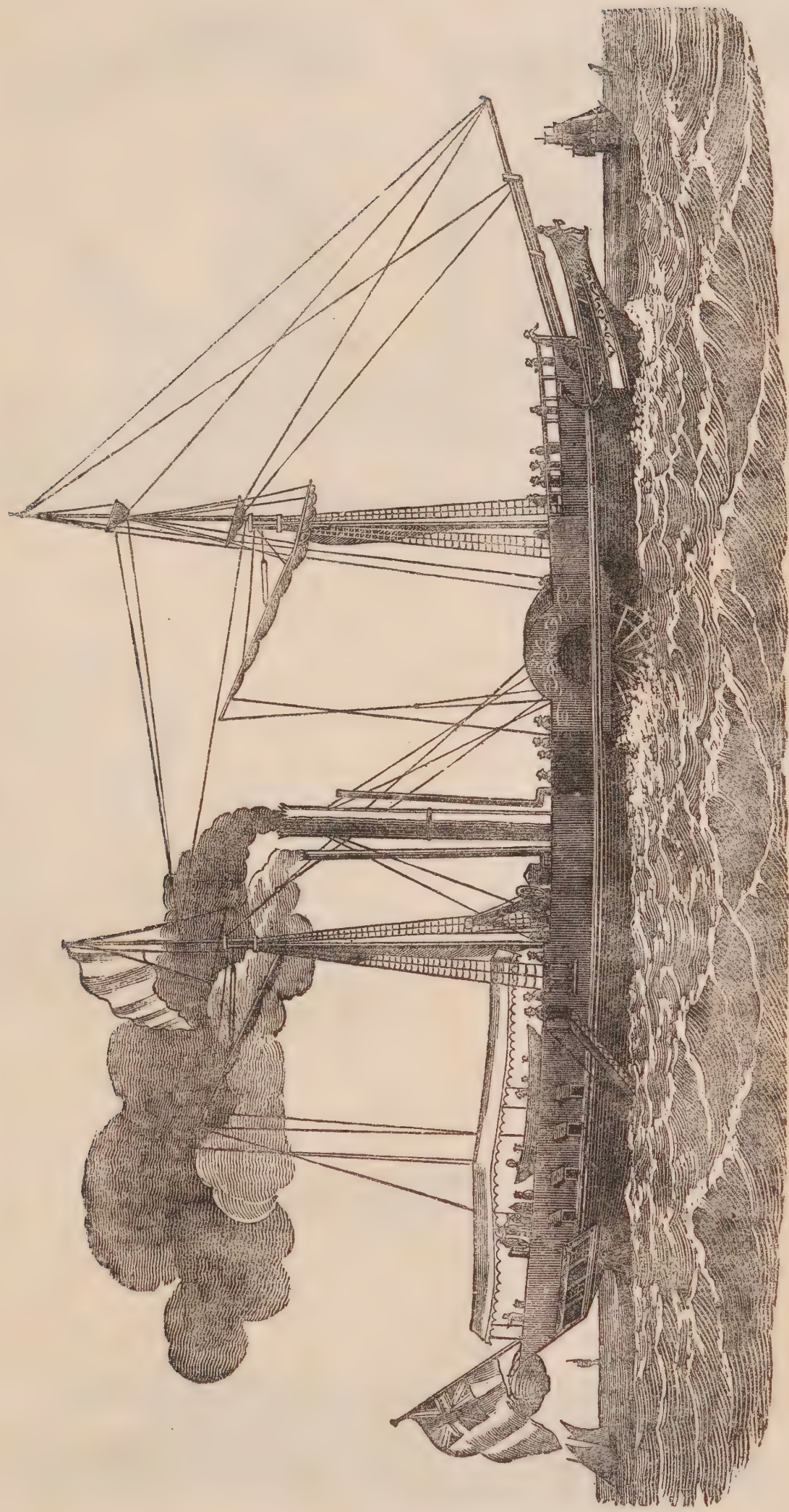


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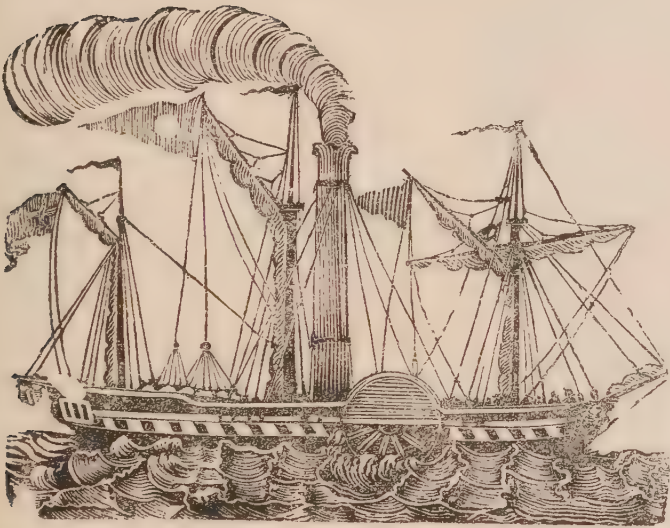




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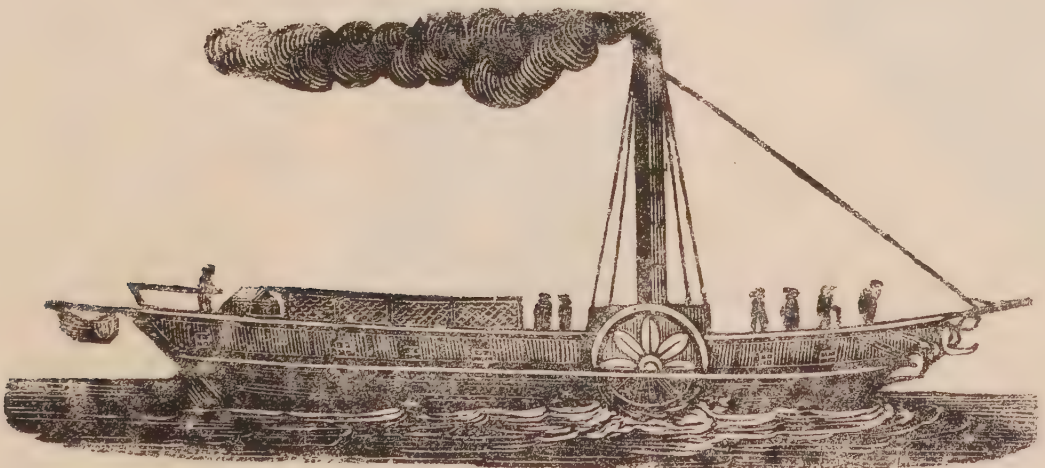
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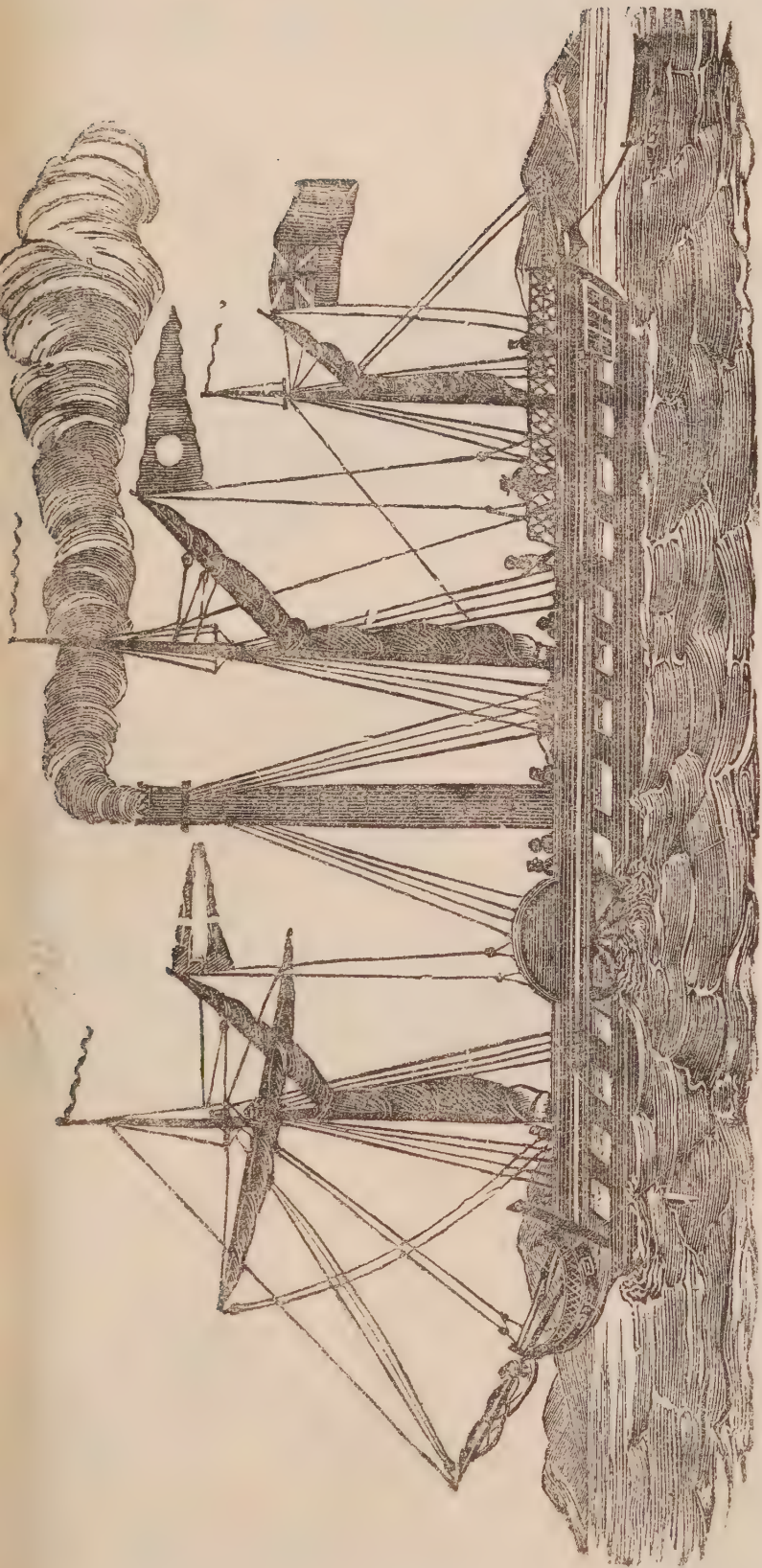


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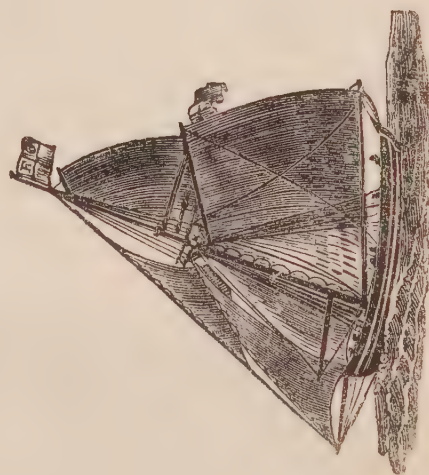




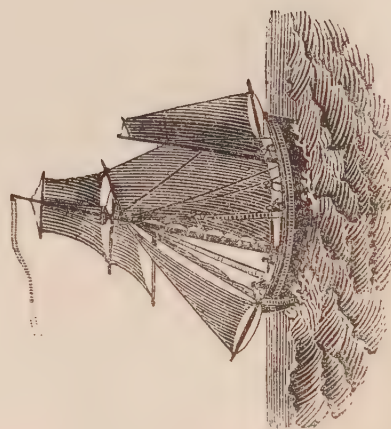




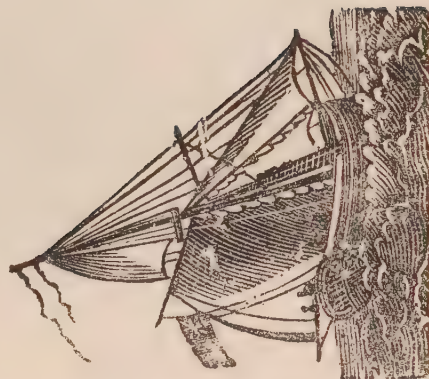
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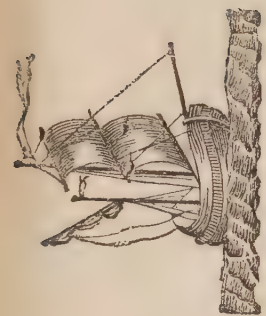
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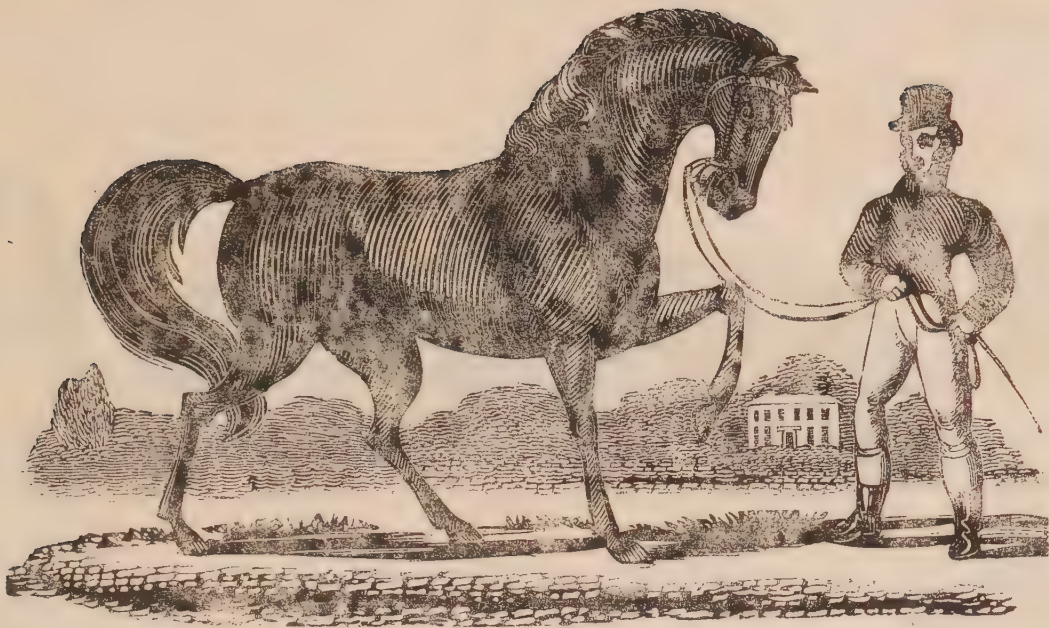








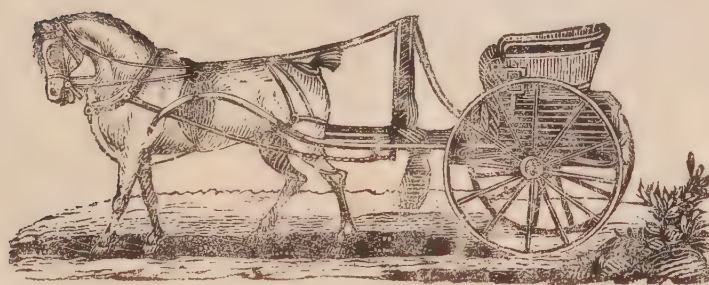
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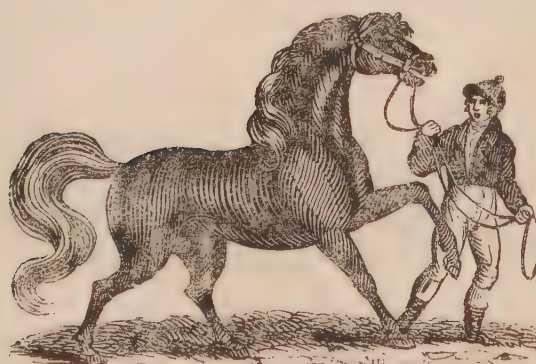
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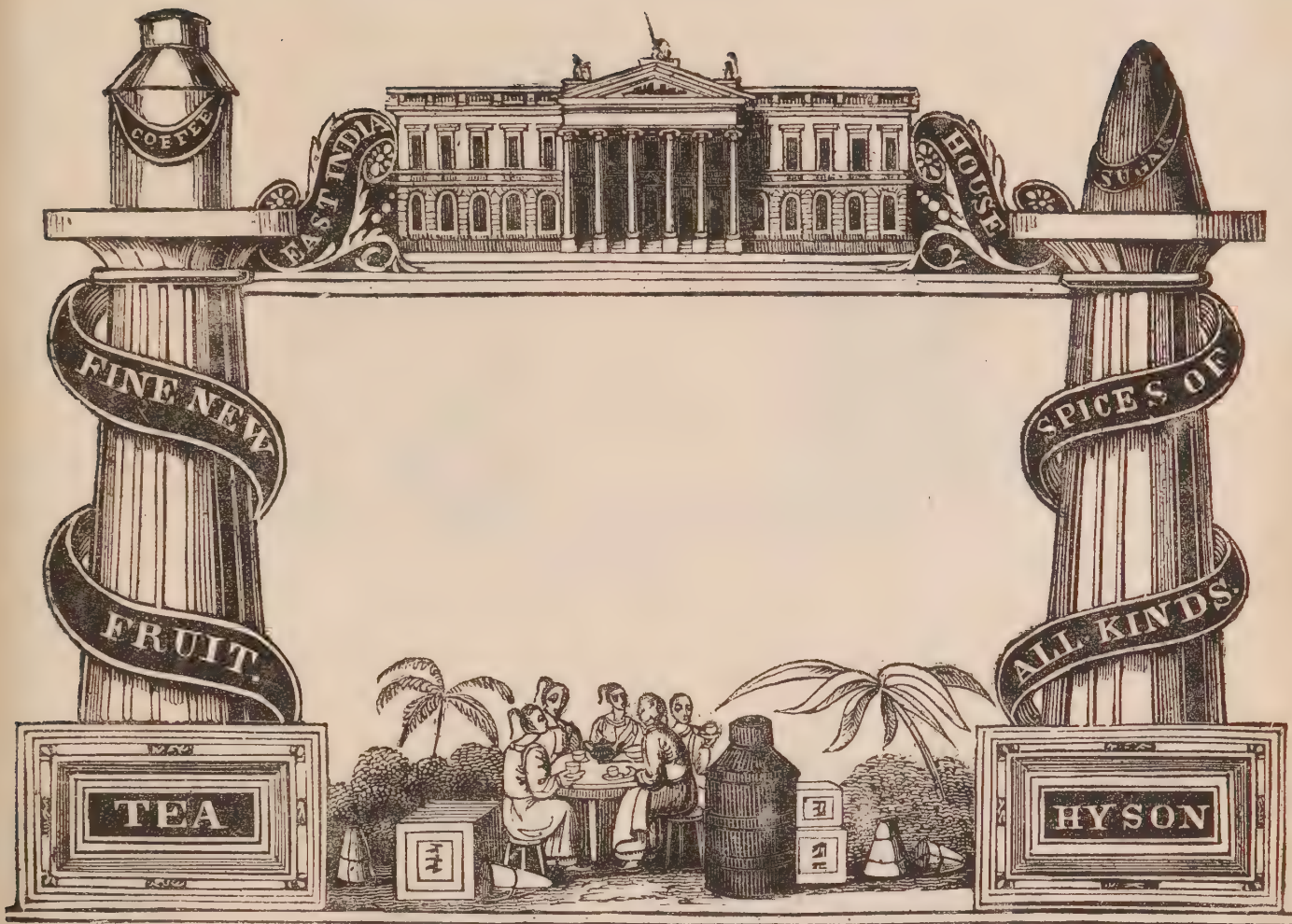


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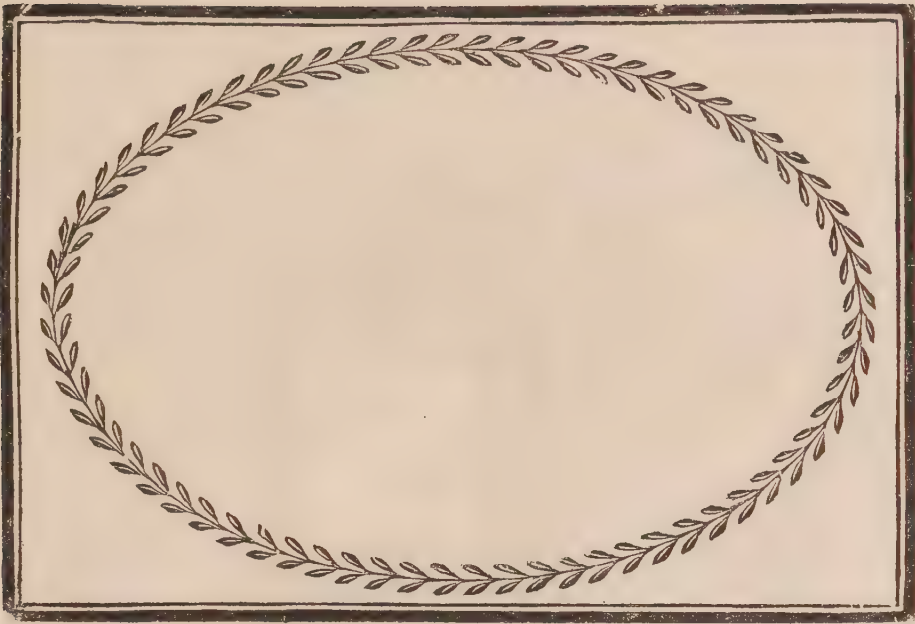


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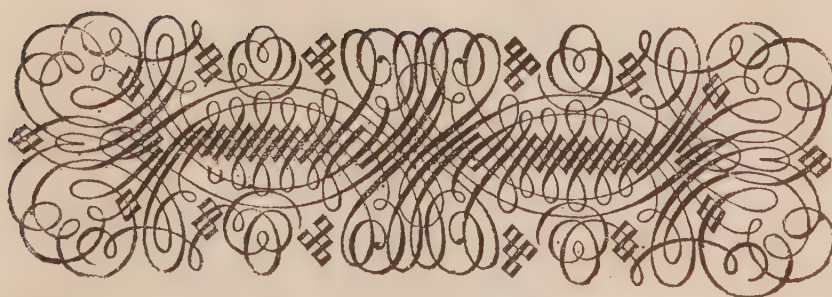
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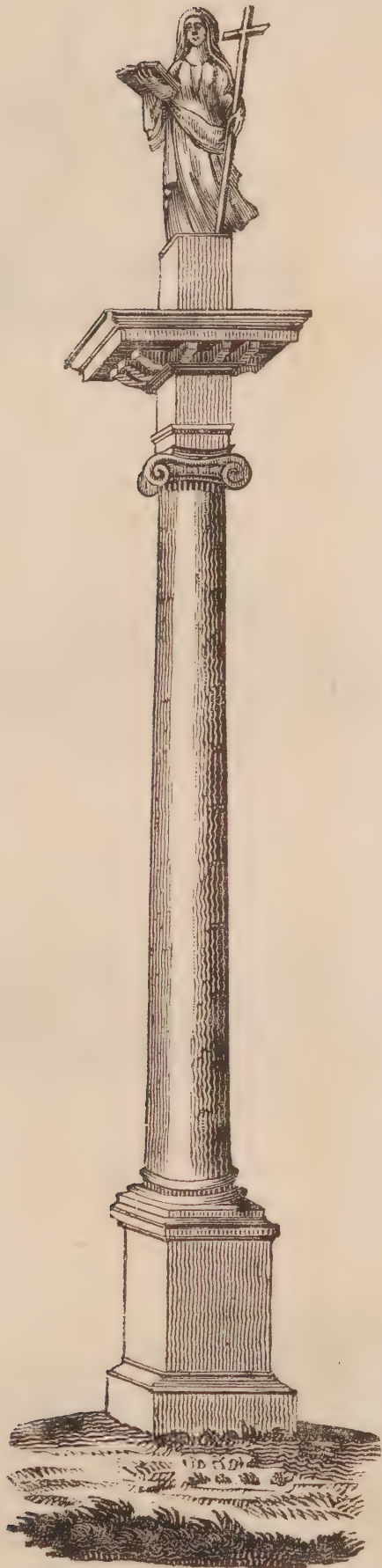




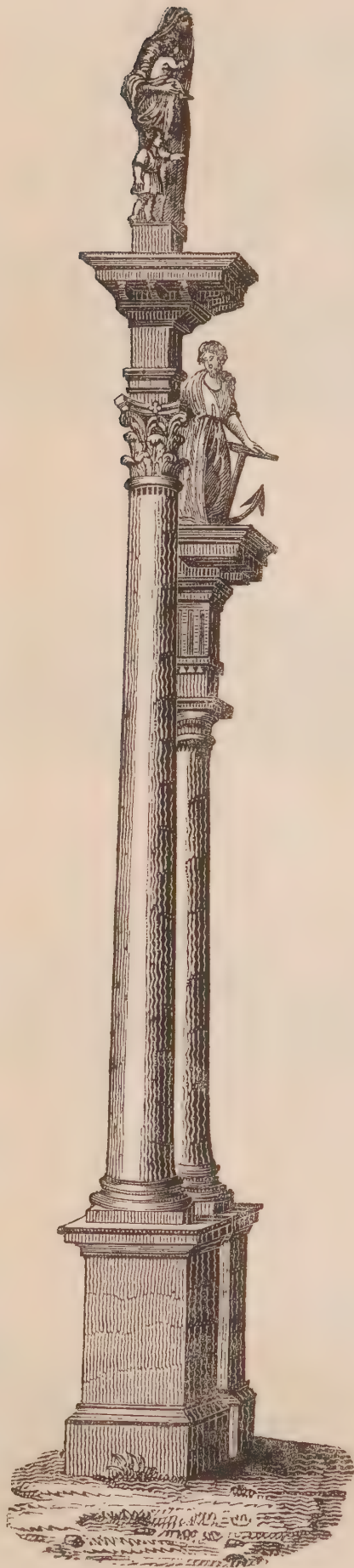




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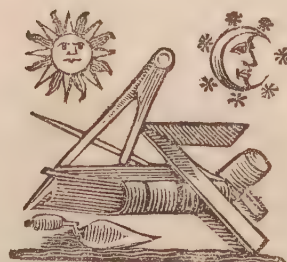
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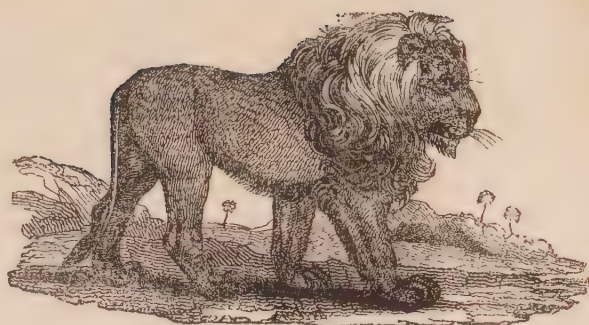




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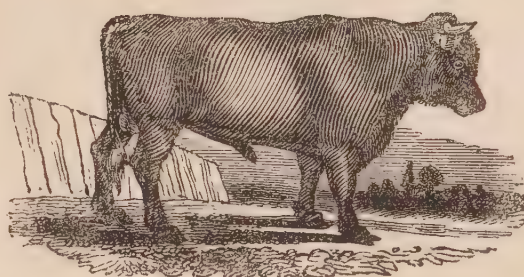
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